

JOHN



My Weight Lost Journey by Adam Jamison

The Wolf Strikes with Vengeance by Lew Holloway

Remembering Two Marines

Holley Vineyard

**Descendants of Joseph Clarke, publication by
Stephan P. Clark**

Fresh Flowers

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Welcome to JOHN

This issue marks the start of the 4th year of publication. Hopefully the stories and events that are captured, will give each and everyone of you a small pause away from the terrible situation that the world is dealing with right now. May God Bless us all.

So happy to share the story of Adam Jamison & his willingness to tell us about just a small part of a long, long journey he endured in the efforts to control his weight problem. Adam's story speaks not only to his success in losing weight, but shows us just a small part of the courage he needed to overcome a truly life threatening situation. Bravo, Adam.

Lew Holloway continues to impress us with his stories. The wood craft project shown above also speaks to another part of this very talented individual. Keep us entertained, Lew

The two marine story is one of my very young experiences growing up during WWII. I put it up every summer as a reminder of how so many served to save us in that terrible time in history.

Maintaining grape vines and making wine was a love and passion for Christine and I for over 20 years. We learned a lot and we leave this passion with nothing but respect for all those who helped us along the way. Especially Carl Popp, who was so kind in helping us and not being too critical when a Holley wine just didn't make the grade.

Wanted to put in another pitch for Stephan P. Clarke. "Descendants of Joseph Clarke" is now available. Please visit the website, thebookpatch.com for more information and purchase of this book.

JAH

My Weight Loss Journey

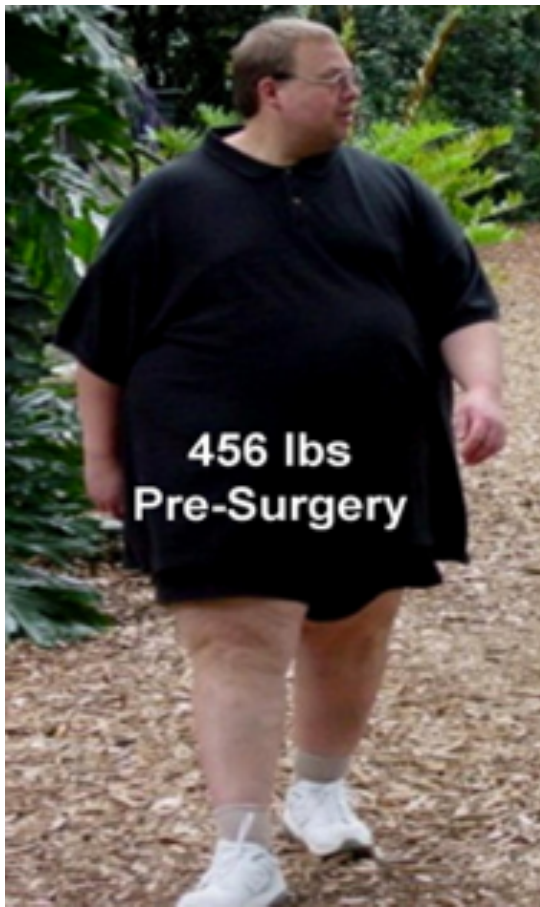
By Adam Jamison
His story in his own words.

During my senior year in high school I gained a significant amount of weight. Not long after, I joined a fitness club in an effort to substantially reduce my weight. Over a six month period of time as the result of strict dieting, strength training with weights, and aerobic activity I was able to lose nearly a hundred pounds before slowly gaining weight back again.



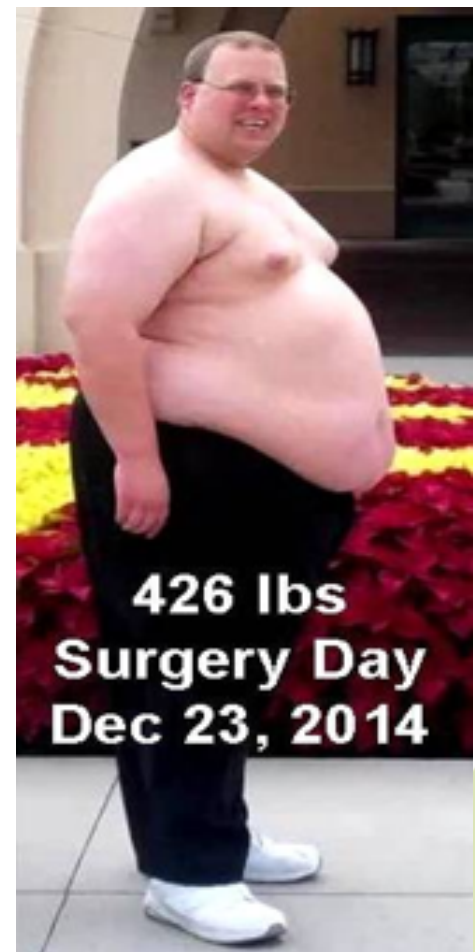
After struggling for years with my weight fluctuating, I finally reached the level of morbid obesity and was at risk of developing other serious health issues. In 2014 I weighed 456 pounds and decided to seek help from a local hospital's weight loss surgery program.

I attended presentations that explained the process involved and the associated costs. The weight loss surgery doctor explained that once a person reaches morbid obesity and sometimes even sooner the size of the stomach has become so large that the only way to correct the condition is through weight loss surgery.



I had to pass a series of medical tests and reasonably reduce my weight in order to undergo the surgery.

With dieting and exercise, I was able to lower my weight from 456 to 426 pounds and on December 23, 2014 I underwent gastric bypass

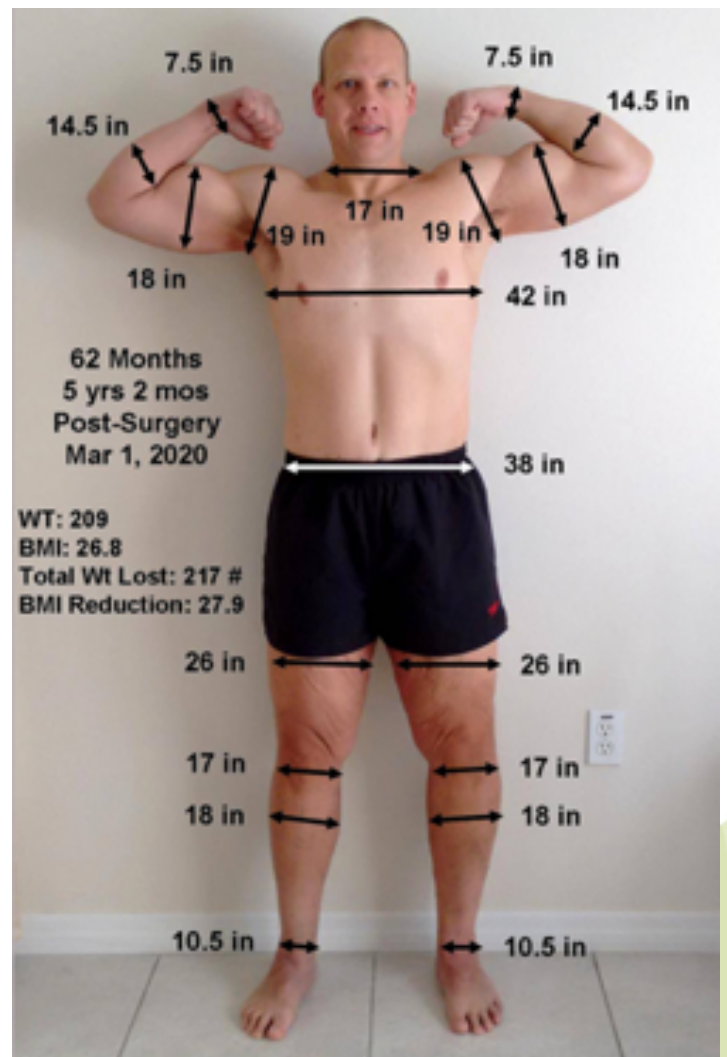
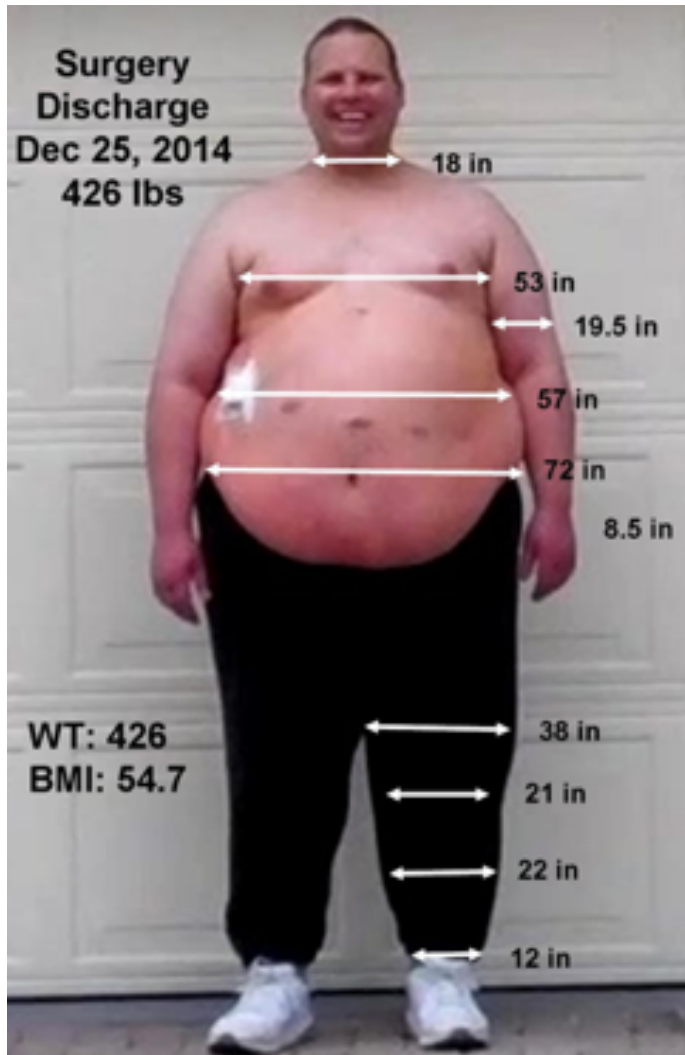




By following strict nutritional guidelines and an active exercise routine prescribed for weight loss surgery patients by 2015 I lost 105 pounds from my surgery weight and 135 pounds from my original 456 pounds. After another year in 2016 I had lowered my weight to 225 pounds for a total weight loss of over 200 pounds.

Over the years since 2016, my body weight has averaged between 213 and 225 pounds as the result of a continued combination of aerobic and strength training exercise.

I significantly reduced my body fat measurements and increased my muscle mass measurements.





I remain committed to maintaining my weight loss and health improvement success, and it is my hope that my weight loss surgery journey will serve as an inspiration for others to strive toward improving and achieving their own health and fitness goals.

- Adam Jamison -

THE WOLF STRIKES WITH VENGEANCE

Lew Holloway

Throughout our lives, several incidents always seem to be somewhere, tucked away in our minds, things that have made an enduring impression. The following story is just one of those things in my life. For several years I traveled back and forth over Wolf Creek Pass. I never lost respect or forgot its eminent danger, especially during adverse weather. Driving skill was extremely important, but mother nature was always challenging that ability.

Wolf Creek Pass, located in southwest Colorado on US 160, was considered the most dangerous mountain pass in the United States during the 70s through the 90s. The treacherous west side was 10 miles and a steep grade of 8 % and 10%. The highway is two-lane, cut out of the rock



into the side of Sheep Mountain; the drop off on the other side descended 200 foot down into the canyon below. From the summit to the bottom of the west side, it was about 18 miles. Due to the narrow lane confined space, there are few guard rails. There was more than 15 truck accident each year during my years of traveling from Denver to the Durango area. A high percentage of truck accidents were deadly. The pass area elevation is 10,800 feet.

Wolf Creek Pass is one of Colorado's oldest mountain passes. It was carved out of the mountainside starting about 1910 and completed as a vehicle road (trail) about 1916. The pass was very crude and mostly a one-lane way. Construction improvements and design have changed over the past 100 years.

For some reason, this pass and driving experience sticks in my mind above most all other driving encounters. I seldom felt a risk through the warmer months when the roadways were dry, but the pass was still dangerous. You had control of your destiny. Experience taught me how to drive cautiously, keeping the tractor/trailer under control. The most hazardous situations were other inexperienced mountain truck drivers and the sightseeing tourist doing ridiculous things on the highway, like stopping in the center of the roadway, passing dangerously, and even walking in traffic lanes.

Now, winter driving is a whole different experience. Yes, driving skill is still the most critical factor, but due to the adverse weather, Lady Luck was also a factor. The added elements to driving Wolf Creek Pass were the winters notorious weather. It snowed on the pass almost every day. On the days it doesn't snow, the sun melts snow on the roadway, and as soon as the sun passes over or it gets shadowed as evening set in, the melted snow water turns into ice. The high altitude brings on extreme cold; the ice becomes extremely hard, Black Ice. The temperature can drop to 10 F degrees quickly. It was not unusual to be in a lower valley before starting up the pass in the sun, but due to the quick climbing of the pass elevation, one was soon driving in the clouds and often snowing conditions. With the wind and snow, you found yourself in a whiteout or blizzard. With all the driving skills you may have, danger lurks around every bend in the road. Black ice is the most dangerous of all. With the ice and steep grade, it is just about impossible to stop the tractor/trailer in an emergency. I had, on several occasions, been so nervous that sweat ran down my chest and sides to the point that my leather belt became saturated with moisture.



From November to April, ice and snow cover the roadway frequently. Also, strong winds come up from the San Juan valley below, creating blizzard conditions and hard ice. The company handpicked drivers for the Durango route. The safety manager passed qualified mountain drivers, but only after being tested in the mountains. Several years before, the company had three truck accidents on the pass; fortunately, the drivers escaped that dreaded fatality list. The only drivers permitted to bid the delivery Southwest area had to have several years driving in the Rockies. This was a significant problem for several senior drivers because the route was very long, taking four days round trip. The round trip was a guaranteed up to ten hours overtime. (*Company over the road drivers were paid by the hour, over 40 hours was OT.*) The Teamsters Union allowed the company to be selective due to the dangerous conditions. The number one cause of tractor-trailer accidents on mountain passes is losing breaks, speeding out of control. With a heavy load and steep grade, you cannot depend on the air brake system over any long downward grade. When brakes get too hot, they will not stop truck speed momentum. It's easy to spot a truck in crisis, dense white smoke streams out from all the tire hubs, frequently fire spurting out as the truck picks up speed and cannot be stopped. In most cases, the driver lost their lives.



The first truck accident I witnessed was about halfway down the west side of the pass. I was creeping along in low gear, taking my time. By doing this, I always had control over the ice and speed. At a slow pace, my air brakes were rarely used. As I looked into my mirrors, I could see a tractor-trailer approaching with heavy smoke bursting out from all his wheels. The heavy smoke from his wheels meant he had burnt up his breaks and no longer could slow down or stop. I pulled over as far as possible, and he shot on past me at high speed. The driver had lost control of the truck, in a matter of minutes he was in for severe trouble.



As he got about a half-mile ahead of me, the tractor/trailer went over the side of the road. This area was a straight drop down, a drop of over 200 feet. I pulled over and stopped to the side of the narrow road. There was absolutely nothing I could do to help in any way. The truck was destroyed beyond recognition down at the bottom of the cliff. The merchandise was scattered all around; there was no way to get down to the accident. *(The only way the highway department can get to these wreckages is driving to the area on a trail in the valley floor.)*

I got back into my tractor, drove to Pagosa Springs, and reported the accident, about 20 miles away. I continued to see truck accidents on Wolf Creek Pass through my years of delivering the southwest area. In almost all cases, the truck fatalities were attended to before I came upon them. The State Patrol and other emergency vehicles were already on the scene. Working the accident location was a problem for the emergency responders because of the frequency of out of control trucks coming down the highway. The usual precaution was to stop all traffic a safe distance from the accident. By doing this, the emergency vehicles could work without being interrupted. On average, I would see a truck accident at least monthly, usually not a fatality.

You would imagine most truck accidents occurred during the bitter winter months, but not at all. Truck accidents were also prevalent during the warmer dry highway months. I believe this was due to adverse conditions, and drivers were much more cautious due to the potential hazards. But, during the dry roadway, drivers tended to travel too fast for the steep incline and, therefore, overused their breaks, resulting in destroying the brake pads (losing brakes) and not able to slow down.

Through the years, the pass has been continually upgraded. Just over the last 40 years, the dangerous areas of the roadway have been reconstructed to the point they are hardly recognizable to me.



Friday, 8/14/2020 marks the end of WWII when Japan surrendered. In light of all the news worthy events that happen every day, it will not be surprising that one of the most significant events in US history will pass by much too silent. This makes me realize that those of us who were alive during WWII still owe the present and future generations our experiences as humble that they may be, that if not recalled now will also go silent. As a 1st grader growing up in a very small Colorado town, I knew that there was a war going on.

The big white billboard across from the Post Office reminded us daily of those who were serving from our town. People often stopped to look and were always aware of the stars beside the names of wounded and Killed in Action (KIA). This sets the stage for my story. When our family heard that Alvin Lawley was killed in action it really hit home.

Bob Lawley, Alvin's brother was my Dad's

best friend and he was a Marine too. It was a bright summer day when the Marine detachment brought Alvin home to his final resting place. The Marines met with the family and shared what was appropriate regarding Alvin's brave actions. The flag draped casket was taken into the Lawley house as we all stood on the street. This scene will never leave my memory. The Marine detachment showed the highest level of respect for their fallen hero. I recall hearing the last tribute to Alvin as the sound of the 21-gun salute echoed from the cemetery.

Bob Lawley returned after the war not in the best shape. He is shown here with my dog. My Mother and Dad took him into our home and helped bring him back to a better place. Bob and my Dad spent many happy times together and I was fortunate to join them on fishing and hunting trips. There were no war stories to share, nor did there have to be, the historians do this well enough. My desire is to honor the memory of these two brave Marines, one that paid with his life and other who came home and raised a family and served the town well. I welcome this challenge to preserve these memories.

April-June 1945: Okinawa

"By April 1945, the war in Europe had ended with Allied victory, but the Pacific theater was yet to see its deadliest days. The final land battle of World War II took place a mere 350 miles from the main islands of Japan. The U.S. planned that Okinawa, once captured, would serve as a staging area for an invasion of the main islands. Okinawa saw 82 days of brutal warfare in horrific conditions at places like Kakazu Ridge, Sugar Loaf Hill and Kunishi Ridge. U.S. Marines and Army troops fought a bloody battle of attrition against an enemy concealed in intricate underground defense systems. When the island was finally secured, more than 12,000 U.S. soldiers and Navy personnel were dead or missing and more than 36,000 were wounded. Seventy thousand soldiers of the Japanese 32nd Army died on Okinawa, joined by as many as 100,000 to 150,000 civilians trapped in the crossfire".

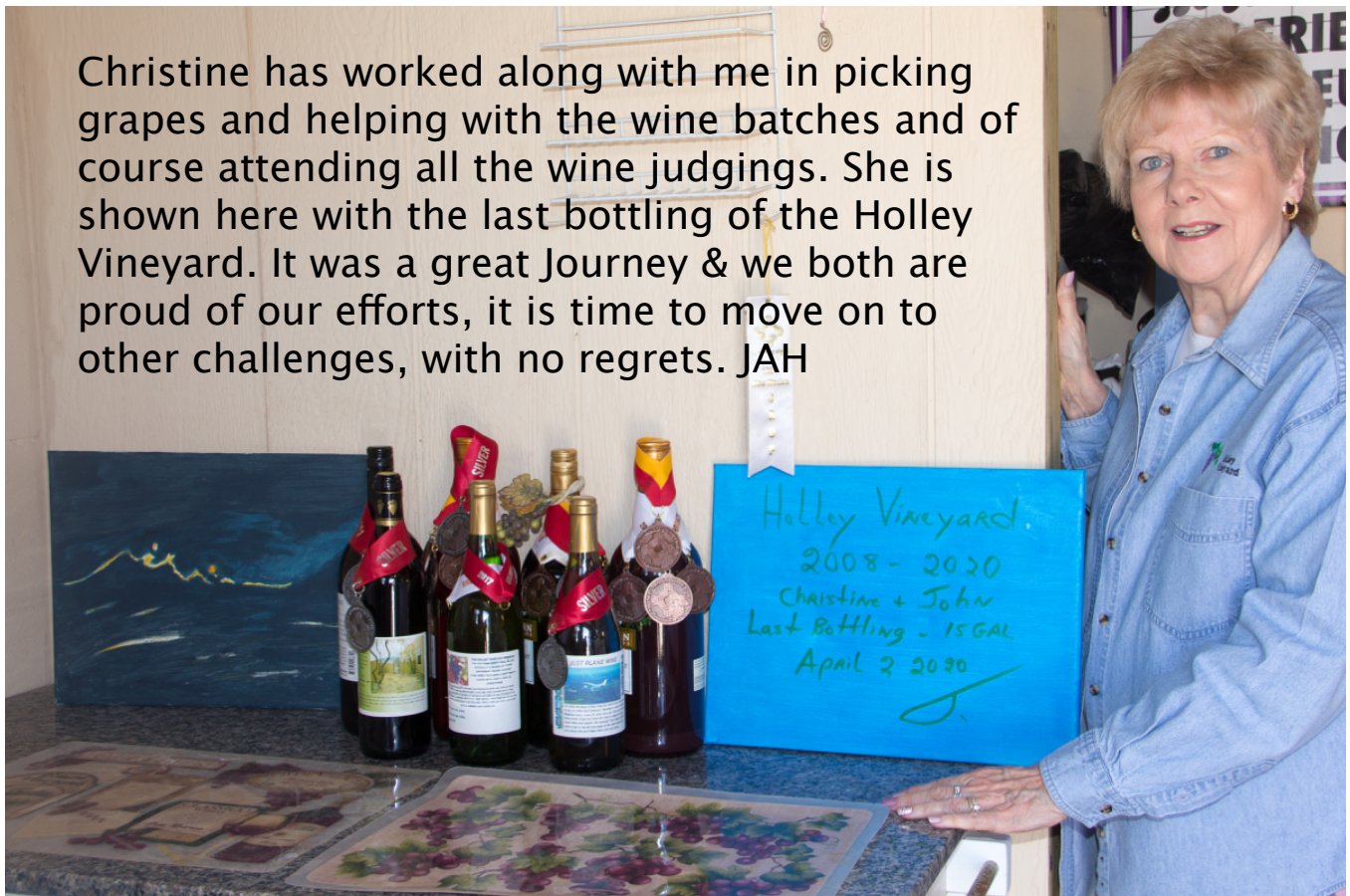
(<http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/americanexperience/features/general-article/pacific-major-battles/>)





After completing a Master Gardener course in 1998, I had the opportunity to get 5 mature grape vines from another student. With no special thought in mind, those 5 vines became the foundation & start of the Holley Vineyard. More & different varieties of grape vines were soon added. I found that growing grapes in our climate was difficult at best, but we did start to see some yields in the next two years. I always had in the back of my mind to make wine! The process started with a simple batch that was terrible, this was followed by several years of slowly improving the finished product. In 2005, I started entering the NM State Fair competition & did not receive any recognition for my efforts. It was not until 2008 that my wines were good enough to win medals. What followed was a string of Bronze and Silver medals each year through 2017. 2011 was the best year with 3 Silver and 3 Bronze awarded.

Christine has worked along with me in picking grapes and helping with the wine batches and of course attending all the wine judgments. She is shown here with the last bottling of the Holley Vineyard. It was a great Journey & we both are proud of our efforts, it is time to move on to other challenges, with no regrets. JAH





This is a 15 generation lineage of the Clarke family from Westhorpe, Suffolk, England to Rhode Island and on to Lewis County, New York. It includes the names of children, spouses (where known) and includes a bibliography and an every name index. Among the families considered are Clark(e), Champlin, Hazard, Masxon, Peckham, Sheffield and Wilson. The various illustrations include maps, photographs and documents.

This book along with several others he authored, including the edition of **Rev. Syllanus Holly: Ancestors and Descendants** (recently featured in a previous issue of JOHN) are available at: thebookpatch.com. Just click on the bookstore tab, This will take you to the bookstore page, where and you can search by the book title or the author, Stephan P Clark to get to his offerings. You will find that these books are well written and speak to the tremendous research time and effort that resulted in the finished products. JAH

Steve Clarke is a former Naval Reserve officer, a retired high school English teacher and the author of several books and articles including five books of family genealogy for both his and his wife's families. This is his sixth book.



FRESH FLOWERS



"Facts are stubborn things and whatever may be our wishes, our inclinations, or the dictums of our passions, they cannot alter the state of facts and evidence."

– John Adams –